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Frederick the Great said that an army was like a snake and moved upon its belly. His comparison, though witty, was unjust to the snake, for he is a much cleaner being than an army. When he passes from place to place he does not trail filth after him, and when his fangs eject poison, their destructive energy is slight indeed compared with the frightful threat of disease, either imminent or active, which follows all armed forces.

Kings and rulers are, of course, largely blamable that war should still survive. But they, after all, are merely tools of the people's will. This hideous, persistent evil cannot be explained by a Bismarck, a German Emperor, a House of Commons or a President of the United States. Personalities and councils like these are but incarnate expressions of the popular will. They know it, and watch the fluctuations of public opinion as eagerly as a Wall Street gambler watches those of his office ticker. The days of "divine right" are no more. Even the Russian despot lives in hourly dread of assassination, and the Sultan of Turkey feels less safe in his lordly palace than a rabbit in its hutch.

Concerning slavery, imprisonment for debt, trial by jury and every important persecution which has afflicted mankind for centuries, all the progressive nations of the world have reached one amical conviction. Why then do they still delay the abolition of an iniquity like war? Are not the people wholly at fault? Individually, hosts of them see, as religionists, their hypocrisy, and, as moralists, their defiance of a sacred ethical law. But when massed together the educated and the ignorant are in hideous harmony.

The relief of Ladysmith turned London into one howl of jubilation for a day and a night. The relief of Mafeking wrought an effect still more turbid. Both occasions were an excuse for the most libidinous drunkenness. Thousands of those who roared and caroused could not have written three lines of decently spelled prose; many of them could neither have written nor read. Yet the educated looked on and enjoyed the mad saturnalia, and told one another that it was all a proof of imperial greatness!

Unhappily, the savage is not yet extinct in man. What he calls the impulse to fight for his country is too often precisely of the same sort which prompts him to kill elephants, tigers and other "big game." Of the private this is almost constantly true, except when the ghastly conscription drags him into service.

One of the saddest features of war is its horrible tyranny over the unlettered private. I saw a grand procession of cavalry troops here in London not long ago. Helmeted, plumed, bestriding glossy and mettlesome horses, riding with splendid grace and ease, brilliantly uniformed, specklessly gloved and booted, each horseman seemed a model of manhood. But suddenly it occurred to me that the least observable point about this radiant concourse was the faces of its members, and into face after face I steadily peered. There I found coarseness and vacancy predominant. Frequent smiles disclosed broken and discolored teeth, which dentistry might have saved from ruinous decay. Many a piteous letter written from South African battlefields will show how these ill-fated fellows have been trained to shoot, yet not to spell; to cut and thrust, yet not to think!

With the officers it, of course, is different. The spice of danger, the longing to "kill things," the un-deracinated savage, yet sways them as it sways their subalterns; but another factor, seldom clearly considered, enters into their bellicose motives. I mean ambition. Shakespeare calls it seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. But in all European countries this kind of reputation is held far more valuable than a bubble. It is, indeed, the one most "honorable" path to high social distinction.

You marvel at the amount of courage and "nerve" in mankind which might be turned to better uses than any afforded by the spilling of human blood. We speak of a man as a "born soldier." The eulogy is seldom so complimentary as it sounds. He would resent being called a "born" maker of orphans and widows.

In the case of this dire pest the wisdom of the thoughtful sociologist has much to bear from raw and callow youth. "Oh, there's no fool like an old fool!" cries the latter, with a smell of gunpowder in its nostrils; and it is quite right. But only in the sense that experience should rob the old fool of all excuse for being such a fool as the young one.

*London, August, 1900.*

### The Call for Peace.

BY ANNA M. WHITNEY.

The Muscovite has heard it ringing clear  
Above the din of nations and of fear:  
"Behold! the Eternal Right  
Is no more the slave of Might,  
And the earth shall find release  
In my Peace!"

The cosmic forces rent the years in twain,  
When the Immortal Spring gushed forth on Bethlehem's plain.  
But along its silver stream  
The tented armies gleam,  
And the flood of life is red  
With their dead.

Through darkest caves of heathenness it glides,  
In mediæval fastnesses it bides;  
Like Arethusa's fount  
To the light of day shall mount,  
When the cruel hearts of men  
Turn again.

The thought of man is sickened with the insensate past,  
And the dawn is brightening with a glory that shall last,  
For the vision of the night  
Shall at last be read aright,  
And love shall conquer loss  
By the cross.

No more the warrior clutching at his foes,  
Reeking with hate into the Presence goes.  
Many deaths there be to die,  
Worst of all to vilify  
Love of Fatherland  
By a murdering hand.

Vain to worship under cross and dome  
Unless mankind be brothers in one home;  
The universe a folding wing  
To guard the helpless and to fling  
A note of hope and might  
Into the night.

O blessed are the feet of them that bring  
Good tidings of the coming joy, that sing  
The sheathing of the deadly sword,  
The tranquil empire of the Lord,  
The peace he, leaving, gives,  
And giving, leaves!

— From the Boston Transcript.